

to embark on an overseas assignment. The shots were not as bad as the after effects, along with the fact that we had to make a performance that evening, about fifty miles from Laughlin Field. Most of us were experiencing a slight fever and having a difficult time raising our hands above our shoulders due to the shots we had taken in both arms, thus making it difficult to raise our instruments to a normal playing position. We must have sounded terrible, and I'm certain the audience wondered what was going on. As we were being trucked back to the air base we couldn't help but laugh, despite the somewhat miserable feeling all of us were experiencing.

Our director, Mr. Bowden, was still extremely unpopular among the bandmen, and as was the custom for units about to go overseas, we were visited by an officer with the title Inspector General. Here we had the opportunity to ask questions on any personal problems we might be experiencing, or even express concerns and feelings regarding our commanding officer. During this time Mr. Bowden was required to sit at his desk, accompanied by the first sergeant, while the interviews took place in the rehearsal hall. I wanted to ask some questions of a personal nature and was the first in line. The rest of the band members, thinking I was going in to make a complaint about Mr. Bowden, followed in place.

Later the first sergeant was telling us that Mr. Bowden was continually asking him, "What's going on out there?" The sergeant, looking out the window, replied, "There are lots of men lined up to see the Inspector General." "How many?" asked Mr. Bowden. "Let's see. One, two three...I would say about twenty eight," replied the sergeant, whose answer represented the entire membership of the band.

I never found all that was reported to the I.G., but I do know that one of our drummers told the visiting officers that he would personally throw Mr. Bowden overboard if he made the overseas voyage with us. I do know that within two days Mr. Bowden was shipped out, and we had a new band master.

My most memorable experience with Mr. Bowden began one day when he called me to his office and said, "I see by your service record you enlisted into the service in Salt Lake City. Are you by any chance a Mormon?" I of course answered, "Yes." And from that moment it seemed to me that he made my life more difficult, to the extent that during a gas mask drill, when I adjusted my shoulder to relieve an uncomfortable feeling I was experiencing from the shoulder strap, I was restricted to the base for a week, except for any off-base appearances. Thanks to George Bone, I never missed a day in town, because he booked—I'm certain in my behalf—an appearance every night of my restriction at the local USO in Del Rio.

One day I made the mistake of throwing a straight mute into my music stand when I became upset over what I thought was a conducting error Mr. Bowden had made. I was told by him to report immediately to his office following the rehearsal, where he said I was to be asked to sign the 104 Article of War which gave the commanding officer personal disciplinary action over a serviceman. I refused to sign the article, stating that he would have to court martial me first. My only hope was that I was his solo trumpet player and he would have a difficult time making personal appearances without my presence. Mr. Bowden told me to go to lunch; he would see me later.

Following lunch I returned to the barracks to wait for the summons to Mr. Bowden's office. When it came, I proceeded in the direction of his office, only to be met halfway by him and asked to go behind one of the barrack buildings. When we arrived Mr. Bowden turned to me and said, "Now, Ballou, what did you want to talk to me about?" In a somewhat startled voice I answered: "Not a single thing, Sir." I saluted and went joyously back to my barracks where we all had a sort of celebration.

This was my last disciplinary experience with Mr. Bowden, and for some time I maintained the feeling that he truly disliked me and considered me a poor bandsman, only to find, sometime later, when talking to musicians from the service band he had been assigned to, that on several occasions had asked these bandsmen if they knew me. Then he would proceed to tell them what a fine bandsman and musician I was.

Finally the time arrived to pack all our equipment for the eventual trip to our overseas assignment. This included packing all of our instruments, meaning that we could no longer make these normal functions; about all we could do was sit and wait for final shipping orders. The hostilities in Europe had ended, and the war in that area was officially over. On August 6, 1945, as we were playing one of our traditional single versus married men baseball games, we received word that a terrible weapon called an atomic bomb was dropped on a city in Japan called Hiroshima and had virtually destroyed it. Then a few days later another was dropped on Nagasaki, and by August 15th the war was over.

Even before then, servicemen with considerable combat experience and service-length experience were being discharged. Up until then if you had eighty-five accumulated points you were eligible for discharge. Then the point number began to drop dramatically, meaning that some of our men were sent home and our shipping orders curtailed until suitable replacements were found. This went on for some time, and it looked as if our eventual overseas assignment would be eventually cancelled. Until then, I was excited about our proposed assignment and anxious for the island-hopping performing experience we were told to expect. Now all I wanted to do was to get out of the service, go home, and return to BYU as soon as possible.

In the meantime we began to unpack our instruments and start playing again. About this time we received a request to play an all-night dance job in Langtry, Texas at the actual historic building where the infamous Judge Roy Bean held his notorious court. After being away from our instruments for some time, this was a welcome assignment, but one we were not physically prepared for. As a brass player, it is easy to get out of shape even after a few days away from the instrument, and it had been weeks since we had done any appreciable playing. The result was that I did some damage to my lip, and it was several days before I adequately recovered and got back in shape.

Finally our shipping orders were officially cancelled and no one knew exactly what to do with us. It was decided that we would make excellent military police, so we were given M.P. arm bands and told to patrol the air base, as well as downtown Del Rio. This was a sorry mistake, since we were not trained for this type of responsibility, and law and order did not occur due to our

irresponsibility. One good thing did occur. Until this time, I had never driven a car and knew very little about its operation. One night I had been given the assignment to guard some of the B-26 bombers on the flight line and was sitting in the bombardiers nose of one of the planes when the lights of a jeep flashed against the Plexiglas and woke me from a partial sleep. Then I heard a voice cry out: "Ballou, I'm off duty now, so take over my jeep patrol assignment." Whoever it was left the jeep motor running and disappeared into the dark. At first I didn't know what to do. Then the thought came that this was a perfect time to learn to drive, and as soon as I knew no one was around I got in the jeep and proceeded to experiment in learning to drive. At first I must have looked ridiculous as I bounced up and down the flight line trying to shift gears, but soon I got the hang of it and had a wonderful night driving all over the base, even on some of the country roads behind the base area.

Our M.P. experience was fortunately short-lived due to Laughlin Field being officially closed down and everyone but us shipped out. Orders had not come down as to what to do with us, so we were billeted in the Rosewell Hotel in downtown Del Rio. During the day we were trucked to a nearby Country Club and spent our time at a luxurious swimming pool, enjoying a barbecue that was sent to us each day. I can't remember if the club had a golf course, but it would not have made any difference, since we had all shipped our clubs home.

Word eventually came for some of us to be shipped to the air base in San Angelo, Texas. Then as the discharge points continued to drop, more and more of us were sent home for discharge, and I was sent to the air base in Midland, Texas, for my final assignment.

While in Midland we played every night and twice on Sunday at the officers club. At these officer club dances were many pilots home from combat experience in both Europe and the South Pacific, and like all of us they were tired of the rigors of disciplinary life that the army afforded. On some occasions these officers would change shirts with us, and we would wear their pilots wings and officer bars as they wore our enlisted rank. I was making \$15.00 for each engagement, which was good money in those days, with no place to spend it. So I sent most of it home for safe keeping—money that helped in purchasing a civilian wardrobe and equipped me for my return to BYU.

In March of 1946 I had accumulated enough service points for discharge and received orders to report to Fort McArthur in San Pedro, California for eventual release from the military. The ordinary plan for those reporting for discharge was to travel by train to their assigned destination, but exceptions were made for those who could travel via their own means of transportation and thus receive an extra sizeable stipend to assist in their travel plans. Realizing that a Greyhound bus would take me directly to Riverside, I reported that I would be arranging my own travel and thus was able to receive the extra stipend. All I had to do then was to purchase my own ticket from the local bus station in Midland, and I was on my way.

I arrived in Riverside some three days before having to report to Fort McArthur, and as soon as I walked into our home on 3945 Twelfth Street, I greeted my family then slipped out of my uniform and into civilian clothes, a wonderful experience that I hadn't enjoyed in over three years.

Following my discharge I was able to spend a few weeks at home. While there I purchased a really used 1936 four-door Dodge sedan from P.W. Hall, the owner of Halls Motors in Riverside. P.W. Hall was the father of Joyce Hall, a girl I had frequently written to during my years in the service. It was at her home, during a Sunday evening fireside, that I became better acquainted with Jane Tyler, the wonderful girl I later married. But that was three years from then and I am getting ahead of my story.

The 1936 Dodge was another story, a story that took most of my discharge money and was a constant problem. But in fairness to P.W. Hall, reliable cars were hard to come by at that time and dependable tires had been rationed throughout the war years. So perhaps this was the best vehicle I could come by at this particular time. The best thing that could be said about the old car was that it successfully made the 600-mile trip across the Mojave Desert, which included the eighteen-mile Baker grade, up Utah Hill, across the Black Ridge to Cedar City, and on into Provo and the campus of Brigham Young University.

I was back home to my beloved BYU after three-plus years of wartime military service. I had received many educational experiences that enhanced my musical career, had some more than fun times (even though I didn't appreciate it at the time), and made wonderful friends who, unfortunately and regretfully, I have never seen since.

My Heart Is True Chapter III

A Return to College Life

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Toward the end of March 1946, I happily returned to the campus of Brigham Young University, eager to continue my pursuit for an academic degree and a career in music. This was following more than three years as a wartime bandsman in the Army Air Corp. It was an exciting time to be on the campus, inasmuch as enrollment was booming due to the many veterans that were steadily returning to academic life. All of us were recipients of the GI Bill that offered us tuition, books, and a monthly stipend for every year of military service, plus one additional year that we could use to complete our education. For me, this meant I would have over four years to apply towards my goal as a music major, and being a veteran from the state of California, I could also take advantage of the California GI Bill that offered yet another year.

The GI Bills had to be a terrific expense to our government, but an expense that was over-ruled because of the larger number of college degrees that were extended throughout the nation and the resultant increase in earning power of these graduates and their impact on the tax rolls of the nation. I know that I was grateful, and will always be grateful, for the opportunity I was provided, not only to obtain a baccalaureate, but a graduate degree and additional graduate study as well.

Like my freshman year in 1942, I arrived on campus early in order to find suitable housing, which was even more difficult to find due to the sudden influx of returning veterans. For dorms, BYU had only Amanda Knight Hall for women and the Allen Hall for men, and those that couldn't find housing in those halls had to search throughout the community. I felt fortunate to obtain a room in a converted granary that had a kitchen where five of us could set up bachelor quarters. This apartment was owned by Stan Walker, a fellow veteran who later became my cousin through marriage. The apartment, as crude as it may sound, was really quite suitable inasmuch as I had been offered quarters in a converted coal bin of one house in which I applied. I remember some places that had basement rooms that were partitioned off only by blankets hung from the ceiling.

I can't remember my roommates, but the five of us were really happy and considered our housing sufficient and somewhat unique. All of shared in the cooking, cleaning and other household chores. For food, each of us contributed five dollars per week. None of us were skilled at preparing meal plans, and our meals were generally less than nutritious. Towards the end of that spring term, I became so busy that I had little time to assist with the food preparation, so I found a home nearby that prepared evening meals for those students willing to pay.

When I returned to campus, many of my former friends and musicians were already there, namely, Norm Hunt, Bob Evens, Fred Gardner, and Jack Anderson. In addition, many outstanding players that had experience in military bands were enrolled, all of who would make a terrific swing band. I had brought with me several special arrangements from the bands I had played in, and all of us got together to perform in a student body assembly in the Joseph Smith auditorium. We were excited about this opportunity, and it was my first experience in leading a band. As a feature number, we performed Les Brown's fine arrangement of "Bizet Has It's Day," based on a principal theme

from Bizet's *L'Arlesienne Suite*. The student body seemed to enjoy our offering; I know that we enjoyed playing for them, and the experience led me to believe I would like to organize my own dance band as soon as it was convenient.

Gus Shields, a fine tenor sax player, was student body president at that time and leader of the number one dance band on campus. I had the immediate opportunity of playing with his band, and inasmuch as Gus was a senior due for graduation, I thought it best to play with him and wait till the following fall term to organize my own band. In Gus's band was a fine trumpet player and singer named Lavina Borgeson. Lavina was from the little town of Santaquin, just a few miles from the even smaller town of Goshen, where my mother was born and raised. Goshen was the place that mom and I would often go to spend several weeks in the summer. I had many wonderful cousins there, and we spent delightful times swimming at the nearby warm springs, working in the hay fields, playing baseball, and sitting out under the stars at night telling stories. The result was that I had, and will always have, a warm spot in my heart for this small village of just six hundred people.

Lavina was the daughter of Andrew Borgeson and his wife. Raised in a large family of very talented children, living in a humble home on the north side of Santaquin, Lavina was a very talented trumpet and cornet soloist. While we were the best of friends, we competed throughout our college career for first-chair position in the Symphonic Band and University Symphony. She was a real tomboy, loved horses, wore Levi's, and never wore makeup. Yet she was a very beautiful girl. I remember once when we were playing a national broadcast from the auditorium of the Joseph Smith Building. All of us were dressed in tuxedos and black formal dresses. Just before the beginning of the broadcast, I turned to Lavina and stated, "Well, this is one time you aren't wearing your Levi's." She said, "You wanna bet?" Then she promptly pulled up her long formal skirt and underneath were her customary Levi's.

I often heard her father, Andrew, talk about his desire to organize a mounted band. One Saturday, several of us decided to give it a try. Andrew brought several horses from Santaquin, and we met on the race track of the old fairgrounds near the former Timpanogos golf course. We selected some traditional march music. Prior to mounting the horses, we thought it would be a piece of cake, only to find that it was virtually impossible for any of us to sound a decent tone. There was little, if any, resemblance to the march that we could easily play under normal circumstances. The idea was short lived, and Andrew was terribly disappointed in us. I have often thought that perhaps we could have been successful if we had only persisted.

There was never any romantic interest between Lavina and I, but we were the best of friends. Many times we would drive to her home in Santaquin, saddle a couple of horses, ride out into the hills, build a fire, and have a wonderful weenie bake. At her home, there was a tall swing fastened to a tree, which we would swing on as high as we could, then see how far we could jump out. Lavina, upon her graduation from BYU, went on a mission to the Rosewell, New Mexico area, returned to school for a while and then moved to Rosewell to make her permanent home. I never heard if she married, and unfortunately, I haven't seen her since.

With the influx of so many veterans returning to academic life, many of who had experience in military bands, the quality of the University Symphonic Band and the Symphony Orchestra was immediately impacted. With the retirement of the legendary band director Robert Sauer, Dr. John R. Halliday became the director. I remembered Dr. Halliday from his Theory of Music class I had taken during my freshman year. I knew that he would be demanding, would expect the very best from his players, and would have an outstanding band. I was not disappointed, for his band possessed a warm, orchestra-like quality that never ceased to thrill me. John Halliday later went on to become chairman of the Music Department as well as director of the Madrigal Choir and BYU Oratorical Choir. I always had profound respect for him, admired his musicianship, and considered him a lifetime friend.

I have already mentioned Lavina Borgeson as one of Dr. Halliday's fine players, but I well remember other fine players, namely Bill Sullivan, another outstanding trumpet player who went on to a distinguished career as principal trumpet of the Utah Symphony under the direction of Maurice Abravanel. In the trumpet section were Ron Griggs and Danny Ferre, from the same high school as Lavina. Both were outstanding jazz musicians with a real gift for improvisation. Lucille Sandberg was playing solo clarinet along with Frank Magliocco from Price, Utah. Lucille later became clarinet instructor at the university, and Frank went on to a fine career in music education. Don Peterson has already been mentioned from my freshman year. Don is perhaps the finest French horn player I have been associated with, a player who possesses a beautiful tone and virtually accurate perfection. Don went on to a distinguished career as principle horn with the Utah Symphony, and I can never remember him missing a note. Darrel Stubbs and Blaine Eddlefson were there, and they went on to careers as oboe instructors at Indiana University and the University of Illinois. Darrel later returned to BYU and played principal oboe with the Utah Symphony. Norm Hunt had returned from the Kearns Air Force Band and was serving as graduate assistant under Dr. Halliday. Norm became director of the Varsity Band at BYU and went on to study at the Paris Conservatory. He returned to take over the Symphonic Band from Dr. Halliday and ended his career as chairman of the Music Department at Sacramento State University. Glenn Williams, from a small town in Wyoming, played bassoon. Glenn went on to the Eastman School of Music, returning to BYU for an outstanding career in music education. Earl Jardine and Ardean Watts were among these students in the Music Department. Earl, an accomplished tuba player, went on to a career in music education in Oxnard, California. Ardean, an excellent pianist, eventually became associate conductor of the Utah Symphony. Bill Sullivan went on to become principle trumpet with the Utah Symphony. This is just a small sampling of the outstanding players that were in Dr. Halliday's terrific band following the wartime years.

One story I will always remember is one that John Halliday liked to tell. A student, Norma Abbeg, was serving as his secretary and going with trumpeter Bill Sullivan. All of us called Norma "Boots." Because she was going with Bill, she naturally wanted to be a member of the band in order to be with him when we traveled on tour, but she had absolutely no experience playing a band instrument. Fortunately, "Boots" could read music. When she asked Dr. Halliday if she could become a member of the band, John immediately asked what instrument she played, stating that she would have to appear for an audition on that instrument. Thinking for a moment, so as to not be trapped, "Boots" replied, "bass drum." Dr. Halliday, knowing she could read music, reflected,

"How do you audition someone on the bass drum?" Without further reflection or even an audition, he stated, "Okay, You're in!" Naturally the story spread throughout the band and we all had a good laugh. I never found out when Dr. Halliday learned the truth of the story, but "Boots" became a fine bass drummer, had a positive impact on the success of the band, and later married Bill Sullivan.

I always looked forward to the Symphonic Band going on tour, and even though our 1946 spring-term tour saw us traveling to southern Idaho and western Wyoming, it was exciting. The buses we traveled in were of pre-war vintage from the Geneva Bus Company, being more uncomfortable and less accommodating than a common school bus; but it didn't bother us. Norm Hunt was my roommate. In Idaho Falls, we were housed in a mortuary, which didn't exactly suit our fancy. So, following our concert, we returned to our mortuary home, bade goodnight to our hosts, went to our room, and then quietly slipped out a window and joined some of the other band members for an all night jam session at a club at the northeast section of Yellowstone Boulevard in Idaho Falls. We did manage to get back to our room about 4:00 a.m. and get about two hours of sleep before meeting the band for an 8:00 a.m. departure to Afton, Wyoming. The evening was a silly maneuver on our part. Our lips were tired from playing so many hours the night before, we were dead tired from the lack of sleep, and we had to play two high school concerts en route to an evening concert in Afton. I know that I had a guilty conscience and made it a point to stay out of Dr. Halliday's way all of that day. Somehow we made it through without any serious consequences and even managed to play quite well. But at the day's end, we had learned a lesson and resolved from that moment to get sufficient sleep and never to jeopardize the potential success of the band again.

Part of Dr. Halliday's venue at the school concerts was to have several of us demonstrate our instruments on a well-known symphonic excerpt. The Music Department had recently purchased a Vincent Bach D piccolo trumpet for use in an upcoming performance of the J.S. Bach *Magnificat*. Inasmuch as I had been instrumental in its purchase, I had possession of the instrument and had it with me on tour. For my demonstration I played a portion of Bach's *Second Brandenburg Concerto*. The portion I played was designed for the even higher-pitched Bb piccolo trumpet and featured some really high notes that were a thrill and were even fun to play. At the same time, it was a relief when I had successfully completed my assignment.

One of the compositions we played was an original work, titled *Zanoni*, by the contemporary composer Paul Creston. This was a work that none of us really liked playing at first, but that really grew on us the more we rehearsed. In fact, *Zanoni* became one of my all-time favorite works. The ending was particularly fascinating, featuring a gradual building of powerful chords, mainly from the brass, that grew louder and louder as we progressed, ending with the most dynamic climax that I had yet heard. Several times the vibration that these chords set up had blown out florescent lights in our rehearsal hall, and as brass players, we took particular delight in seeing how often we could make this happen. In Rexburg, Idaho, we played in the old tabernacle, which had wonderful acoustics. As we reached the ending portion of *Zanoni*, it seemed that the entire building became sympathetic to the sounding of these chords, to the extent that it became scary, resembling in our minds something akin to Joshua blowing down the walls of Jericho in the Old Testament. The

entire experience was indeed fascinating but I experienced relief when we successfully concluded without anything more damaging than a few blown light bulbs.

Interest among students in playing as a member of BYU's musical organizations was high, be it a member of an instrumental or choral group. Many members of these organizations were returning veterans taking advantage of the GI Bill, which enabled them to take private lessons for two credit hours per quarter. The result was that many signed up, most with a real desire to progress musically, and others feeling that this could mean two hours of easy credit, not realizing that two hours of daily practice was required to qualify for an A grade. The university had a wonderful full-time faculty but was unable to take a full load of private students because of other course-teaching requirements. Louis Booth and Lucille Sandberg were teaching woodwinds, with Dr. Halliday, who played some clarinet, teaching some of the extra woodwind players but concentrating primarily on brass. In order to accommodate this influx of private students, some of us with military band experience were engaged as special instructors to take care of the overflow. Norm Hunt and I assisted Dr. Halliday. The procedure was that the students would register under Dr. Halliday, and he would assign them to us, paying us twenty dollars for ten lessons per quarter. While this paid only two dollars for each half-hour lesson, it was good money in those days, and I welcomed the opportunity, partly because I was able to earn some extra money but primarily because of the experience in teaching. I felt certain that taking advantage of such an opportunity would put me in good with the regular full-time faculty, make me better known on campus, and lead to my eventual hiring as a full-time faculty member. I was in the right place at the right time; BYU was beginning its rapid growth that eventually led to nearly thirty thousand students. My good friend Gus Shields was student body president of a record enrollment of over six thousand students. As early as 1946, I had my foot in the door, which enabled me to take advantage of the opportunities that were soon to become available. Life was not as easy as it may seem; in fact, it had become rather hectic. I was overloaded with responsibilities yet found it difficult to say "no" to others that arose. I was taking eighteen hours of college classes—much too many for my degree of scholarship; was giving private lessons, as indicated; playing in dance bands; playing both in the Symphonic Band and University Symphony Orchestra; helping with occasional student assemblies; trying to maintain an automobile that caused me continual problems; and trying to maintain some degree of social life, which included a difficult courtship arrangement with one of the college coeds. It seemed that I couldn't be at all the places I was expected to be at and went around with the feeling that everyone was unhappy, even mad, because I was often late or even missed appointments. What I needed to do was lighten up; take fewer college credits and concentrate on high grades; get rid of a car that was always broken down, causing constant attention; and learn to say "no"! To compound all this, I pledged to and joined both the Tausig social unit and Lambda Delta Sigma fraternity, only to find that I couldn't attend their meetings, much less their social events.

I honestly can't remember how often I attended church; it was much less than when I was at home. At that time, BYU did not have the ward and stake structure that exists today, which is one of the best things that has happened on campus, as it enabled students to be assigned a ward, have a bishop and participate in Church assignments. I vaguely remember occasionally going to one of the local Provo wards, but felt out of place since I didn't really know anyone. I did attend General

Conference and the (then) June conference in Salt Lake City. In those days, it seemed easier to find a seat in the tabernacle; I did not experience the difficulty in finding a seat that later existed. As has always been the practice, students were required to take a religion class every quarter or semester that they were in attendance. Unfortunately, in those early days following the war, there were several "party planning" type of classes that somehow qualified as religion classes. To my discredit and later regret, I steered myself towards such classes, never taking a Book of Mormon class that is required today. For some reason, I was in a hurry to graduate, even though my constant thought, while in the military, was to get back into school as soon as possible and experience the greatness and lifestyle that exist at BYU. Part of the reason in seeking an early graduation was my plan to become a professional performing musician, hopefully in the Hollywood movie recording industry. I do know that I became an expert in searching out those classes that qualified as cross-reference classes, meaning they could be counted for credit in more than one department.

I was able to graduate in three years due to taking too heavy a load, going to summer school, and taking cross-reference classes, all of which resulted in a grade point average in the neighborhood of a B-.

Despite these problems, I enjoyed being back in school. But it was apparent that I had some growing up to do with the freedom that I was now afforded after more than three years of structured disciplined life that being in the military establishes. I wasn't the only veteran who needed to grow up; many veterans had returned to school with Word of Wisdom problems that they were having difficulty curbing. While this wasn't a problem for me, I was aware of friends who had these problems. I remember a lunch stand, barely off campus, that upon entering, you literally had to cut your way through the smoke from some of these students. I'm certain university officials were aware of this, and it posed for them a difficult problem. Perhaps they felt that many of these veterans had been exposed to such serious environmental problems, due to their wartime combat experiences, that they succumbed to various temptations and needed time to straighten out their lives and return to a lifestyle in accordance with BYU standards. I don't know. I do know that many were able to restructure their lives, becoming leaders in the Church and community. I also feel certain that the solution to these problems was the establishment of the BYU Honor Code and the organization of campus wards and stakes.

The spring quarter ended, and rather than return home to spend time with my parents and enjoy a typical Southern California summer, I decided to continue my education by enrolling for the first term of summer school. My good friend Norm Hunt and his wife, Evelyn, had purchased a small home in the southeast section of Provo. To help them with their house payments, I moved into their basement along with three other students, Boyd Peay, Bruce Riddle, and his brother Kent. I can't remember what happened academically during that term or even which classes I took. The four of us were undergraduate music majors. Norm had received his bachelor's degree and was now an instructor in music doing graduate work. As an instructor, he had the upcoming assignment of organizing a new Varsity Band that would be basically a second concert, and would serve as the football marching band and play for basketball games. At that time, the marching band didn't amount to much with only a few ill-fitted uniforms that were old, dating back to the pre-war days

of Robert Sauer. I remember that at football games, some of us dressed in blue Levi's because there were not enough of the blue-with-a-gold-stripe pants to go around.

Even though I was receiving money from the GI Bill, I depended on a certain amount of dance jobs to sustain me financially. At that time, I wasn't in an organized band, and I was not playing as I would during the regular school year. Norm was playing trombone with the Dob Orton band, which had a steady job of playing every summer weekend at the Rainbow Gardens. The Rainbow Gardens was located on about Tenth North and University, across the street from what became Provo High School and on the parking lot of the current Smith Fieldhouse. There wasn't a spot for me in the band since Dob used only two trumpet players, of which he was one, along with Leo Vernon. Leo was an excellent player who later became a renowned science professor at BYU.

I never knew what Dob Orton's real name was, but he received the nickname "Dob" because he was a well-known house painter in the Provo area who happened to run a local dance band. The Rainbow Gardens was an open-air dance pavilion separated from a tavern in front of it. Dancing at the Gardens was from 9:00 p.m. to 12:00 p.m., and the fellows in the band told me that if I showed up at about 10:00 p.m., Dob would be somewhat inebriated and would be looking for someone to take his place on the bandstand. Spotting me in front of the bandstand, he would invariably request that I help out by substituting for him. Of course I would always have my trumpet handily nearby, hoping to be asked to play. During the course of the evening he would make it to the bandstand and continually thank me for being available to take his place. At the conclusion of the dance, he would pay me, along with the regular members. In this way, I was able to support myself financially during the weeks of summer school.

During the summer, the university would bring in guest artists to either perform a series of concerts or provide advanced master lessons for the students and even for faculty members. One time we had the entire Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra as residents for part of the summer. Also, virtually every summer we had the renowned Paganinni String Quartet as residents for several weeks. They were famous not only for their artistic ability, but for the fact that they all performed on authentic Stradivarius instruments. In this manner, I was able to study privately with such artists/teachers as Joe Singer from the New York Philharmonic, Hy Lammers from Warner Bros. Motion Picture Studios and the University of Southern California, Wally Linder from the Minneapolis Symphony, and Bertram Hague, a performer who traveled much with many orchestras. One summer I even had the opportunity of performing with the Paganini Quartet. I looked forward to these summer sessions, not so much for the academic development, but more for the added dimension that was provided for performance development.

After the first session of summer school, I returned home to Riverside to spend some needed time with my family and to hopefully find a summer job, which I was fortunate to locate at the Hopkins Appliance and Record store on Main Street, across the street from the city and county courthouse. It was good to be home, if but for a few short weeks. I enjoyed the job at the local record store. The manager, at that time, was a former assistant dean of students at the University of Minnesota. I remember having some interesting discussions with him. One day I asked him what advice he would give to a war veteran returning to resume his college education. His advice was, "Don't let

your studies interfere with your college education.” This was an interesting statement, and I have often thought about this bit of advice, wondering what he meant. I finally came to the conclusion that it had much to do with taking advantage of everything a university has to offer, which certainly includes your studies, but in addition all those things that include the atmosphere of simply being on a college campus, with its students, faculty, lyceums, lectures, social activities, athletics, etc.

Despite what I look back now on as an adjustment period following the structured life of wartime military service, I loved university life and, in particular, being back at Brigham Young University. I liked it so much that I could have easily become, and perhaps did become, the perennial lifetime freshman.

MY HEART IS TRUE

Chapter IV

On to Graduation

4-1

It was good to be home and to spend time with my parents and loved ones. But it soon became time to return to college and resume my education. I had purchased a 1936 four-door Dodge sedan that had somehow survived the war years but was now beginning to suffer from serious wear and tear. I knew nothing about auto mechanics, much less how to care for an automobile, due to the fact that my parents never had a car during my growing-up years. Then, I was always lacking in funds to adequately keep such an old vehicle in proper care. Somehow, however, I managed to get the old car across the Mojave Desert. I drove the always-treacherous, eighteen-mile grade out of Baker, California, up Utah Hill into St. George, and finally on to Provo, despite stopping numerous times to allow (what seemed) a constantly over-heating radiator to cool off. I know that this, and similar incidents, left a lasting impression on me whenever I traveled across the desert between Provo and Riverside. It is an impression that concerns me to this day.

As usual, finding adequate housing in the Provo area was a problem due to the continual influx in student growth at the university. But these were exciting times at BYU. There was an electricity and spirit that seemed to fill the air. One could feel a change that was beginning to take place—a change that would eventually lead to the growth of faculty, student body, buildings, facilities, scholarship, international recognition, and the overall magnificence that exists there today. I know that I was excited to be a part of it.

There was a serious lack of dorm space as well as adequate dining facilities. A wooden framed bookstore had been established northeast of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building, and a dining area from a surplus army mess hall had been set up just beyond and to the east. Girls were being housed in converted barracks, with names such as North Building or North Dorm. The converted mess hall was a popular place to hang out, as was the Commons in the Joseph Smith Memorial Building. The wooden bookstore was always overcrowded, and the North Building a popular spot for boys visiting girlfriends, searching for a date, or just having fun talking to the girls. I do remember that we drove a certain dorm mother somewhat crazy by bringing our dates home only minutes prior to dorm hours. She then had to shoo us off as we talked to them through the windows. All in all, the university had purchased forty-eight war surplus buildings to accommodate the dorm and classroom shortages on campus. These buildings included the D Dorm for men and Wymount Village for married students.

President Howard McDonald had a model plan set up near his office in the Maeser Building, which showed the proposed and eventual plan for the massive growth of the university. The 1947-48 yearbook featured drawings showing a proposed science building, social center, fieldhouse, and student union. We were beginning to hear of the actual construction of the science building in the parking lot just north of the Joseph

Smith Memorial Building, a building that eventually became the Eyring Science Center, setting off an almost overwhelming building expansion. Most of us had an inner feeling of what BYU would eventually become and the destiny that it would fulfill.

The 1946-47 academic year was indeed an exciting year to be at BYU, but it was frustrating as well. As usual, I signed up for too many credit hours—eighteen, I remember. For some reason, I was eager to graduate. I fail to understand why. I was enjoying academic life and those wonderful things associated with it. Why, then, was I so excited to graduate and get these things behind me? I was involved in a difficult courtship with a girl from Provo, whose parents didn't care for me or I for them. Fortunately, for both of us, this relationship broke up during the Symphonic Band's spring tour to Southern Utah. My 1936 Dodge nickel and dimed me to death. Many times it was broken down and abandoned in strange places. I well remember leaving it parked in front of the Amanda Knight Hall for over two weeks until I could collect enough money for its repair. Then, another time, it was left under a snowbank until there was a sufficient thaw to get it out. Taking too heavy an academic load, troubles with a girlfriend, and a constantly broken-down car occupied way too much of my time and had a serious effect on my grades. I believe my GPA for that year was in the neighborhood of 2.5. Several times I remember my professors commenting that these things were the major reasons why many students would and had to drop out of college—advice I am certain I gave to my students in later years.

During that year I formed my own fourteen piece dance band. We enjoyed reasonable success playing for student-body dances, social unit functions, and ward and stake dances. This was my first experience in directing any musical organization. It was always a job to book dances, contact the various members, make certain they were available, find substitutes, haul music stands and lights, set up, then make certain that the dancers were satisfied. My car served as sort of a van or pickup, being constantly cluttered with manuscript paper, instruments, stands, and other paraphernalia. But I enjoyed it, and it became a vital part of my life that exists to the present time.

During that year, a local branch of the American Federation of Musicians was organized in Provo and Utah County. Most of us rushed in to sign up, feeling that such an association put us in league with the top professionals and that we were part of them. While I remained a member of the AFM for over thirty years, I can't say that membership in the union ever helped my career. In fact, as I look back on my membership, I feel it held me back as a professional musician and leader. The only protection it offered was for those who had arrived at the top and held back those of us who were striving to achieve.

One such incident occurred in the spring of 1947. My band had achieved such popularity and expertise that we came to the attention of Theron Covey, owner of the Little America resort and, in this instance, the Coconut Grove in Salt Lake City. Theron hired us to play two jobs the weekend of June Conference. I remember driving down State Street and

seeing my name in lights on the marquee and feeling the excitement of such notoriety and the resultant comments from friends and admirers. A block from us, at the well-known Rainbow Rendezvous, the legendary Duke Ellington Band was appearing, and for that weekend, we outdrew him. No doubt, this was due to our association with BYU and the fact that this was Conference weekend and we were a group of local LDS musicians trying to make good. At any rate, Theron Covey was thrilled with the response we received, to such an extent that he wanted to hire us on a permanent basis. All was going well until we came to the attention of the Salt Lake City Federation of Musicians. Officials of the Salt Lake musicians association were incensed when they heard that a group of upstarts from BYU and Provo had successfully invaded their precious territory. They voted to impose a fine of two hundred dollars on every member of the Provo musicians union, whether they participated in the job or not. Being only twenty-two years old and not accustomed to such tactics, I was frightened, feeling that everyone in our union would disown me. Feeling that I would cause the demise of our organization, I immediately got an appointment with Theron Covey. Upon hearing my story, he laughed, stating, "They can't do that, but don't worry, I'll take care of it." And he did! I never found out what happened. Perhaps he had his lawyer contact the Salt Lake union or he merely made a phone call, but that was the last I ever heard of it. But I was relieved and mad at the same time, for it was the last time we were ever asked to play at the Coconut Grove.

Another incident with the Musicians Union came several years later while I was a faculty member directing the famous Y's Men Band and the well-known BYU Cougar Band. Artist and Repertoire representatives of Century Records in Los Angeles had heard the Y's Men Band, a band that was the forerunner of the current jazz studies program at the university. It was the band that led to the formation of the outstanding Synthesis Band by Newell Dayley and Bob Campbell. The Y's Men Band was a creation at the suggestion of Cleon Skousen, then chairman of the BYU Program and Speaker Bureau. Cleon came to me with a request that a band similar to the one I had formed as a student, so that student-body dances would have more of a junior prom atmosphere. The band also served as a performance band for the newly organized Program Bureau. I was elated and stated that with my busy schedule I would need the help of Gus Shields, who was then teaching band in the Juab School District. Cleon got Gus a job teaching band at BYU High School, and the Y's Men Band was formed. Gus, a former student-body president, went on to become a distinguished professor in the university Religion Department.

The Y's Men Band experienced immediate success. Because of the popularity of the band and in order to draw a crowd, we played at the least-desirable location on campus, namely, the east gym of the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. I remember going early to set up the band and finding that students had already formed lines to the old Stadium House in order to gain admission. Dancing was so popular on campus that they were held in a least four locations to accommodate the large crowds.

As stated, we came to the attention of Jim Keysor, owner of Century Records in the Los Angeles area. Jim and his Artist and Repertoire man had heard the band at homecoming and became so interested that they asked us to cut an LP record for them. Naturally we were elated and, with the assistance of Francis Boyer, along with the use of the wonderful acoustics of the Joseph Smith Memorial Building, we cut a record featuring our best arrangements, such as "S'Wonderful", "Crazy Rhythm", "and Jeepers Creepers".

In doing the record, we had an agreement that it would only be sold on campus and at the bookstore. It sold so well that record stores throughout Utah somehow got copies and began its sale and, for a time, it became the number one seller in the state. One evening while driving in the Los Angeles area, I heard one of the cuts played by a local disc jockey. In doing the record, none of us received any money, but I have always felt that this could have led to national recognition. That is, until the national office of the Musicians Union in Chicago, with James C. Petrillo as president, heard of it. Then I was in big trouble.

So concerned was the national office of the Musicians Union that they sent one of their vice presidents to Provo in order to try me, possibly threaten my membership in the Musicians Union, and even level a huge fine. When the vice president arrived, I met him and invited him to be my guest, and even sit in the band at a BYU basketball game in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. He had a wonderful time, caught the spirit of the Y, the band, and BYU basketball—so much that when it came time for the Musicians Union trial, all charges were dismissed. I was placed on a year's probation and told not to do such a thing again.

I'm ahead of my story. For the 1947-48 academic year, BYU had a dynamic student-body president named Gordon Hawkins. "Gordie" was an ex-marine with a notable war record and a magnetic, charismatic personality that influenced students and faculty alike. I know that I always felt that Gordon was a good friend; I wasn't alone in this estimation, for he always had a sincere greeting for those he met on campus.

This friendship continued for years after he left BYU, even when he went on to become a top administrator with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a career that began in Provo during and following his school years. Gordie purchased an airplane while in Provo, and my wife, Jane, and I were privileged to take flights with him all over Utah Valley. As a Metropolitan Life executive operating in Southern California, it was my understanding that Gordon lived next door to and was an intimate friend of the famous movie actor, Dick Van Dyke. The last time I saw him was many years later, at a BYU basketball game in the George Albert Smith Fieldhouse. Gordie was there with the then-popular child television star, Johnny Whitaker, and Johnny said he wanted to meet the director of the terrific Cougar Band. I remember the incident well; I stood in awe of Johnny, and it seemed as though he stood there looking at me in a like manner.

I can't tell what made Gordon Hawkins such a great student-body president, but he was the man of the hour. Everyone rallied around him. I know that I was proud to be a student at BYU and know that he had a vision of BYU and what it would become. He never let us forget it, either. In the 1947-48 yearbook it stated, "Gordon 'Gordie' Hawkins . . . a red-headed personality lad . . . friendly, progressive student body president . . . a truly representative student of BYU . . . pride of all Y students." I will always have the positive feeling that he was perhaps the greatest student-body president up to and far beyond my time there.

As stated, housing was difficult to find during those years and I felt fortunate to find a room at the home of Mac Collins, in Springville, some seven miles from Provo. Mac was a student, played an excellent jazz trumpet in several student dance bands, and still had time to own and operate the Chicken Inn, a popular restaurant between Provo and Springville.

While I enjoyed living in Springville, it was difficult to be at all the places that I needed to be. These included attending classes, studying at the Heber J. Grant Library, playing in both the Symphonic Band and Symphony Orchestra, managing my own student dance band, maintaining some form of social life, and giving private lessons at the Vern Davis Music Store in Provo. It seemed as though I was on the road all the time. I remember one night following a student dance job. I was so sleepy that the last thing I remembered was stopping at the red light on 3rd South and 9th East in Provo and then parking in the driveway of Mac Collins home, some seven miles away.

Besides living with a nice family, there was one thing that made living in Springville convenient. The enrollment at the university had become so large that college basketball games could no longer be played in the old Women's Gym, so home games were scheduled at the Springville High School gym. While this gym was small, it nevertheless allowed more students to attend. Norm Hunt was directing the newly organized Varsity Band that had as its principal assignment to serve as the university Pep Band. Being such a good friend of Norm, I naturally played trumpet and well remember standing and playing the solo for a special pep-band arrangement of Glenn Miller's "American Patrol."

Three basketball players stand out in my mind, one being Joe Nelson, a forward who had what seemed a natural gift for the game. How well I remember his ability to drive around the keyhole towards the basket, virtually at will, and score. It was almost like no one could stop him once he made up his mind. Then there was Joe Weight and Ivan "Ike" Beam. Ike was a center and seemed to have a gift for comedy; you never knew what would happen next. Many will remember the time Joe Weight threw him a pass that careened off his head and into the basket. Then there was the time that Ike threw the ball up and over the rafters of the gym and into the basket. Both times, those of us in the audience broke into a never-to-be-forgotten, hilarious laughter. Like Joe Nelson, Joe Weight became one of the legendary basketball players in the history of BYU athletics and a credit to his community throughout his life.

While I was close to six feet, two inches in height, both Joe Weight and Ivan Beam towered over me. I well remember the times I would be walking down the steps in front of the main entrance to the Joseph Smith Building when both Joe and Ike would walk up behind me, grab me by the elbows, and lift and walk me on down the steps.

Upon my return to the university for my sophomore and junior years, I had decided to form my own college dance band. I had brought with me several copies of outstanding arrangements from the service bands I had played in. I also remembered that we had left some music, along with the newly purchased music stands, at the Eyring home on University Avenue and I was fortunate to find them in the Eyrings' garage area. My good friend Gus Shields had stayed on, following his graduation, to do advanced studies. Because of his experience in directing a college dance band, along with his name and popularity as a former student body president, it was certainly in the best interest of the band that we became partners. Thus began a band with the name "The Ballou-Shields Band," certainly not unlike the name of a certain hospital plan, but catchy, perhaps for that reason.

In the band, we had five saxophones, three trombones, three trumpets, and three rhythm (piano, bass, and drums). Featured as a vocalist was Lavina Borgeson, who also doubled on trumpet. Dancing was a popular activity due to the many social units, student-body affairs, and ward and stake gold and green balls. Seldom a week went by that we didn't have a job somewhere. For smaller dances, both Gus and I had a small combo, with each containing essentially the same personnel but going out as either the Gus Shields Combo or the Dick Ballou Combo. In this way, we were able to get twice as many jobs while using the same personnel.

Our principal rival on campus was the Wes Berry Band. Wes was, and continued to be, a fine friend. His band was more commercial and, I have to admit, more danceable than ours. In the band, Wes had the fine trumpet player, Bill Sullivan, who went on to become the principal trumpet with the Utah Symphony. I will always remember Bill playing Harry James's version of "Cheri-Beri-Bin." That was perhaps the signature tune of the Wes Berry Band.

Our band may have been more jazz-oriented, specializing in Stan Kenton, Les Brown, and Count Basie tunes. The most popular of the Stan Kenton tunes was one called "Eager Beaver," an arrangement that the Kenton band must have sold over a million copies of and played thousands of times. It was a tune that Stan's band became tired and bored of playing, but one that we never tired of. We always looked forward to its playing.

We had our Harry James tune, that being one with the strange name "The Mole." I always enjoyed playing this chart (a name dance and jazz musicians use in referring to a particular tune), because it featured a wonderful trumpet trio towards the end. We always

looked forward to playing Les Brown's "I Got My Love to Keep Me Warm," a wonderful chart that bands still play, along with Les Brown's theme, "Leap Frog."

In the band, we had freshman Bruce Riddle, a gifted young arranger and trombonist from Cedar City, Utah. Bruce was a rather undisciplined character with a marvelous flair for creative writing. I used to pay him the now-more-than-meager sum of five dollars per arrangement, but one has to remember that the most we ever individually received was ten dollars per job. Three of Bruce's finest arrangements were "Time After Time," "Mam'selle," and "Buttons and Bows," all featuring Lavina on vocals.

We did a rather standard jazz chart with the title "Southern Fried." In this tune, the band would stand and sing, in unison, a crazy little lyric that went somewhat like this, "Fishes, who cares about fishes, don't talk about fishes, southern fried chicks are delicious." Then someone from the band would go to the mike and act out a crazy antic. The band members always enjoyed this, because during the week several of them would think up new and original antics, and we would have to repeat the lyric several times. I know the crowd enjoyed it, because they would all gather around the bandstand. If it got late into the evening and we hadn't played "Southern Fried," we would get numerous requests from people saying, "Aren't you going to play 'Fishes'?" "Fishes" was the name this chart became known by. Interestingly enough, years later, when I had the Y's Men Band, we would get this same request, and I will never forget our baritone sax player, Marv Jenkins, who invariably brought a whole bag of tricks to present during the lyric.

We played "September Song," another chart that I had brought with me from the service and, unbeknown to me, was from the Harry James band. Years later, I was playing this tune with the Y's Men Band on a KSL television show that featured Harry James. At the conclusion, he came to me, asking, "Where did you get *my* arrangement of 'September Song'?" I tried to explain that we used it in the service, that I didn't know it was from his band, and that I was extremely sorry. Then, to my relief, he laughed and said, "Don't worry about it. In fact, be my guest and play it as often as you desire." Then, as band members came off the set, Harry personally shook hands with each of them.

Despite my great love of being an undergraduate student at BYU, I was, for some reason, anxious to graduate—to such an extent that, by the academic year of 1947-48, I was a senior. The greatest thing that happened that year was that I became roommates with my best friend from high school, Art Anderson. Art had spent the war years as an Air Force pilot, had attended Cal State at Long Beach, and transferred to BYU to complete his undergraduate work. We were living in the basement of Dan Bushnel's home, at 361 North 3rd East, in Provo. Up until then, my life, while quite exciting, was rather hectic and unorganized. Having such a fine roommate gave my life a better structure. Art was, and is still, a great friend. In fact, I can't ever remember experiencing a cross word between us.

Our friendship began as Deacons and Boy Scouts in the Riverside Ward in Southern California. At Camp Emerson, a swell camp for Boy Scouts that was located near the mountain resort of Idylwild, Art served as camp bugler and assisted the camp doctor with the added benefit of living in a more luxurious tent that comprised the medical headquarters. I have to admit I was somewhat jealous of his living situation and felt that the camp bugler received added benefits. Perhaps this led, indirectly, to my becoming a trumpet player, although this actually came about because of an experience I had at a local record store in Riverside. At this store, the manager, who was trying to get me to take trumpet lessons from him, had printed on a picture of Harry James the name "Dick Ballou." I was a tall, skinny kid like Harry James, and I said to myself, "He thinks I look like Harry James." That very day, I went out and borrowed a trumpet from a friend and began study with Charley Nash, the store manager.

Both Art and I were good swimmers; between us, we won all of the swimming competitions at Camp Emerson. One evening, both of us decided we wanted to sneak into Idylwild for some ice cream, which wasn't exactly according to camp regulations, and while we were gone, we were reported missing. As a result, the entire camp formed a search line in an endeavor to find us somewhere in the forest. Somehow we were able to get through the line, return to our respective housing areas, get into bed, and when everyone returned, ask in a very innocent way, "Where has everybody been?"

Living in the basement of the Bushnel home was a great experience. There were three bedrooms and a combination kitchen, dinning area, and living room. Two of our roommates, Jack Munson and Harvey Jensen, sold aluminum pots and pans to help finance their education. As a result, we had, perhaps, the finest cookware of any students on campus. Interestingly enough, our favorite dish to prepare was macaroni and cheese with strawberry jam on top. It really sounds weird when one thinks about it, but it was delicious. As with most college students, we enjoyed playing tricks on one another. I remember one Sunday when Jack and Harvey brought their girlfriends to dinner following church service. Art and I figured they would probably show the girlfriends their room, so we trashed it somewhat and then put lipstick on their pillows. It was not a very nice thing to do, but fortunately, both Jack and Harvey checked their room ahead of time and, finding what we had done, never invited the girls in. Another time, I had a dance job with my band. Art set my alarm an hour ahead, which saw me arriving at the Joseph Smith Memorial Building at least two hours early. As was my custom, I would arrive at a performance site an hour early to arrange music stands, hand out the music, and set the lights and mikes. This time, I was two hours early. Finding no one there, I figured I must have written down the wrong date and was prepared to pack up and return home when someone in charge showed up, letting me know that there was indeed a dance and that I was two hours early.

During my 1947-48 senior year, Art was dating Shirley Lauver, a beautiful coed from Wyoming who was voted Banyan Queen by none other than Earl Carroll of the famous Earl Carroll Club in Hollywood. Art reminded me that he presented Shirley with an